TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL BOOK

TRINITY COLLEGE
DURHAM, N. C.

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ORDER OF WORSHIP

GLORIA PATRI

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

INVOCATION, CLOSING WITH LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father which art in heaven:

Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

OR

THE APOSTLES' CREED

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

OR A COLLECT

COLLECT 1

O Lord, our God, grant us grace to desire thee with our whole heart; that so desiring we may seek and find thee; and so finding thee may love thee; and loving thee, may hate those sins from which thou hast redeemed us. Amen.

COLLECT 2

O Lord, keep us sensitive to thy grace that is round about us. May the familiar not become neglected! May we see thy goodness in our daily bread and thy gracious presence amid life's commonplace. Amen.

COLLECT 3

O God our Father, who dost exhort us to pray, and who dost grant what we ask, if only, when we ask we live a better life; hold forth thy light before us; recall us from our wanderings, and be our guide, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

COLLECT 4

O Lord God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, open our eyes that we may behold thy Fatherly presence ever about us. Draw our hearts to thee with the power of thy love. Teach us to do thy will, and when we have done what thou has given us to do, help us to leave the issue to thy wisdom. Take from us all doubt and mistrust and give us confidence through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN

SCRIPTURE LESSON

PRAYER

DOXOLOGY

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BENEDICTION

Trinity College Chapel Book

1

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

2

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

4

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victor's wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Blest Savior, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

6

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His spirit, washed in His blood,

Refrain

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long!

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

7

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

8

Break Thou the truth, dear Lord,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All.

9

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

And shall we then forever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

10

Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

To the great One and Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

11

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
  Daily I'm constrained to be.
Let Thy goodness like a fetter,
  Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
  Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
  Seal it for Thy courts above.

12

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
  Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
  Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
  Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
  "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
  Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
  Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

13

Day is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
  Through all the sky.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
  O Lord most high!

Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
  For thou art nigh.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
  O Lord most high!

14

Encamp'd along the hills of light
  Ye Christian soldiers rise,
And press the battle ere the night
  Shall veil the glowing skies;
Against the foe in vales below
  Let all our strength be hurled;
Faith is the victory, we know,
  That overcomes the world.

Chorus:

Faith is the victory!
  Faith is the victory!
Oh, glorious victory,
  That overcomes the world.

His banner over us is love,
  Our sword the Word of God;
We tread the road the saints above
  With shouts of triumph trod;
By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath
  Swept on o'er every field;
The faith by which they conquer'd Death
  Is still our shining shield.

On every hand the foe we find
  Drawn up in dread array;
Let tents of ease be left behind,
  And onward to the fray;
Salvation's helmet on each head,
  With truth all girt about,
The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
  And echo with our shout.

To him that overcomes the foe,
  White raiment shall be given;
Before the angels he shall know
  His name confess'd in heaven;
Then onward from the hills of light,
  Our hearts with love aflame,
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,
  In Jesus' conqu'ring name.

15

Faith of our fathers! living still
  In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
  Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers chained in prison dark,
  Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
  If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! we will love
  Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
  By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

16

Fling out the banner! let it float
  Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
  The cross, on which the Savior died.

Fling out the banner! angels bend
  In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
  The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the banner! heathen lands
  Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
  Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sinsick souls
That sink and perish in the strife
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

17

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

18

From all the dark places
Of earth's heathen races,
O see how the thick shadows fly!
The voice of salvation
Awakes every nation,
"Come over and help us," they cry.

Refrain

The kingdom is coming, O tell ye the story,
God's banner exalted shall be!
The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glory,
As waters that cover the sea!

The sunlight is glancing
O'er armies advancing
To conquer the kingdoms of sin;
Our Lord shall possess them,
His presence shall bless them,
His beauty shall enter them in.

With shouting and singing,
And jubilant ringing,
Their arms of rebellion cast down,
At last every nation,
The Lord of salvation
Their King and Redeemer shall crown!

19

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

20

Glorious things of thee are spoken
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.

21

God be with you till we meet again!
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!

Refrain

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet!
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!
Daily manna still provide you;
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!

22

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me on my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the vergē of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

23

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Refrain

He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

24

Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

25

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

26

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

27

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

28

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

29

I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

Refrain

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

30

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
  I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
  Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
  To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
  And brighter bliss of heaven.

31

In the cross of Christ I glory,
  Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
  Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
  Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
  Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
  Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
  Adds more luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
  By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
  Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
  Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
  Gathers round its head sublime.

32

In the hour of trial,
  Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial,
  I depart from Thee.
When thou seest me waver,
  With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
  Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
  Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
  Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
  Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
  Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me
  Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
  On my path below;
Grant that I may never
  Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
  Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,
  Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
  To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
  Through that mortal strife,
Jesus take me, dying,
  To eternal life.

33

Jerusalem the golden,
  With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
  Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not
  What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
  What light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
  All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
  And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
  The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
  Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
  And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
  The shout of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader,
  Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
  Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
  The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
  That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
  To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
  And Spirit, ever blest.

34

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
  Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
  Saying, Christian, follow Me!

Jesus calls us from the worship
  Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
  Saying, Christian, love Me more!

In our joys and in our sorrows,
  Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls in cares and pleasures,—
  Christian, love Me more than these!

Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies,
  Savior, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
  Serve and love Thee best of all!

35

Jesus, Savior, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them "Be still!"
Wond'rous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot Thee."

36

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

37

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

38

Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

39

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
  Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
  Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
  Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
  Lost in wonder, love and praise.

40

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
  Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
  His lips with grace o'erflow.

He saw me plunged in deep distress;
  He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
  And carried all my grief.

To Him I owe my life and breath,
  And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
  He saves me from the grave.

To heaven, the place of His abode,
  He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
  And makes my joy complete.

Since from His bounty I receive
  Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
  Lord, they should all be Thine.

41

More love to Thee, O Christ,
  More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make,
  On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
  Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
  Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

Let sorrow do its work,
  Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
  Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

Then shall my latest breath
  Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
  My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
  More love to Thee!

42

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King.

43

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
  Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
  Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
  My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
  A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
  Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
  From Thee aside.

44

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Refrain

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood,
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteoussness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

45

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
  My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
  Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
  In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
  Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
  Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Or if, on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

46

O beautiful for spacious skies,
  For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
  Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
  God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
  From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
  Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
  Across the wilderness!
America! America!
  God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
  Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
  In liberating strife.
Who more than self their country loved,
  And mercy more than life!
America! America!
  May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
  And ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
  That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
  Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
  God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
  From sea to shining sea!

47

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
  The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
  A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
  When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
  When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
  When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
  When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
  And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
  Columbia, rode safe through the storm:
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
  When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
  The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
  The boast of the red, white and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
  The boast of the red, white and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
  O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither
  Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
May the service united ne'er sever,
  But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever,
  Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
  Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The army and navy forever,
  Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

48

O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

49

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

50

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

51

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean's depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer, be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

52

O Mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
  Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
  As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets with silver sound,
  The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
  The trees of life do grow.

Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
  And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
  And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
  Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy joys that I might see!

53

Onward, Christian soldiers!
  Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
  Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
  Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
  See, His banners go!

Refrain

Onward, Christian soldiers,
  Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
  Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
  Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
  On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
  At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
  Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army
  Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
  Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
  All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
  One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
  Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
  Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
  'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
  And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people!
  Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
  In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
  Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
  Men and angels sing.

54

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
  What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
  O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, bursting bombs in the air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
  Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
  O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
  Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
  As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
  'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
  O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
  That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
  Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From this terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
  And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
  O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
  Between their lov'd home and wild war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
  Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
  And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
  O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

55

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

56

O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is Light;
That He who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.

Refrain

Publish glad tidings;
Tidings of peace;
Tidings of Jesus,
Redemption and release.

Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.

'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfill thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.

Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God in whom they live and move, is love:
Tell how he stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.

Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

He comes again; O Zion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.

57

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

58

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus!
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus!
We will early turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

59

Saviour, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

At the blest mercy seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee;
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

60

Silent night! holy night!
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon virgin mother and child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia.
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night! holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

61

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

62

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

63

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

64

Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.

Refrain

Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptation round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

65

Take time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always,
And feed on His Word;
Make friends of God's children,
Help those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing
His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret,
With Jesus alone;
By looking to Jesus,
Like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends and thy conduct
His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy,
Let Him be thy Guide,
And run not before Him,
Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in His Word.

Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each motive
Beneath His control;
Thus led by His Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

66

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood he bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

67

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

68

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

69

True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be;
Under the standard exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for thee.

Refrain

Peal out the watchword! silence it never!
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free;
Peal out the watchword! loyal forever!
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience,
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all-glorious!
Take Thy great power and reign there alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered and wholly thine own.

70

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

71

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

72

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

73

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not!" said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

74

Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

75

RAISING THE FLAG

By W. H. Moore, D. D.

(Tune: America)

The bugle makes its call
On me, on you, on all,
Once more to raise
The ensign of the free;
Symbol of liberty
It hence shall ever be
And happy days.

Our mother makes her call,
On us in line to fall
This blessed day;
And o'er our heads unfurl
This banner to the world
As foe of every churl—
Our hope and stay.

Then let us raise it high,
And be our battle cry
Freedom to think
The higher thoughts of God;
And leaning on His rod,
Long as we tread His sod,
Pure knowledge drink.

From mountains to the sea,
Our eyes we fix on thee,
Flag of the free;
Unfettered be each fold,
And kind thy message bold,
Till with thy story told
All shall love thee.

76

O TRINITY

(Dedicated to Class of 1908)

By Bishop John Carlisle Kilgo

(Tune: O Mother, Dear, Jerusalem)

O Trinity, O Trinity,
Her glorious name we sing;
We all adore her purity,
And rapturous praise we bring.
She taught us truth, she taught us right,
And fearless led the way;
Her dauntless walk, like dimless light,
Shall guide from day to day.

A strong bulwark of truth she stands,
A tower of freedom's might;
With blessings great she lifts her hands,
To cheer her sons in right.
Among her sons are stalwart men,
Gone forth to many lands;
The truth and right they will defend
And follow her commands.

Her lawns and shaded walks we love,
Her tower and bell and dome,
Her country's flag unfurled above,
Symbol of freedom's home.
For her we wear the royal blue,
For her we raise our song;
Our holy fellowships renew,
With vows to fight the wrong.

77

FOR TRINITY

By Hersey Everett Spence, '07

(Tune: Tramp, Tramp Tramp)

'Round the banquet board we sit,
Happy sons of Trinity,
Thinking of our college days of long ago;
Thru the mist of tear-dimmed eyes,
Comes the vision of the past,
Serpent-dance and skies of campus all aglow:

Chorus:

Hark, hark, hark, the boys are shouting;
As the bonfire lights the sky,
Every loyal son and true,
Cheering loud the white and blue,
Shouting loud for T-R-I-N-I-T-Y.

On the far-flung lines of thought
Where the faith of men had failed,
Where despair and doubt had settled like a pall,
Still with loyal hearts and true,
Looking Mother, dear, to you,
We have played the man and rallied to your call:

Chorus:

Hark, hark, hark, the boys are singing,
Fires of faith still light the sky;
Fighting hard for truth and right,
Loyal to the blue and white,
Singing praise of T-R-I-N-I-T-Y.

Lift we once the glass again,
Drink with pleasure and with pain,
As we toast the mem'ry of her absent sons,
Rallying to their country's call,
Pledging now their lives, their all,
Fighting Freedom's fight against the savage
Huns:

Chorus:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
As their campfires light the sky;
Still with loyal hearts and true
To the Red, the White and Blue,
Native Land and T-R-I-N-I-T-Y.

78

ODE TO TRINITY

By James Monroe Downum, '85

(Tune: America)

Our hearts o'erflow for thee,
Our noble Trinity,
So fair and true;
In vigor of thy youth,
Though now in age forsooth,
Thou yieldest forth the truth,
That e'er is due.

May grander fate await
Our Alma Mater great,
In coming time;
Bear on thy banner true,
And every ill eschew,
'Mid honor that is due,
To heights sublime!

We hail thee, fairest one,
For work so nobly done,
Our joy and pride;
Fill thou a greater field,
And cause a richer yield,
From errant notions shield,
And be our guide.

80

SONG OF TRINITY

N. I. White, '13

(Tune: Gaudeamus Igitur)

Groves of oak and halls of learning,
Lanes of pleasance, fields of play—
Trinity, for you are burning
All of our loyal hopes to-day;
Trinity, for you are yearning
Hearts of deepest loyalty,
Hearts that beat for Trinity,
Hearts that beat for Trinity.

Lo, the air is full of motion;
Briny winds from off the sea
Bear the strong and deep devotion
Of thine absent sons to thee;
Mountain winds that seek the ocean
Swell the loyal symphony
Of our love for Trinity,
Of our love for Trinity.

Alma mater, proud defender
Of the right, unswerving, sure,
Make us firm against surrender
To the momentary lure;
Give us strength, O mother tender,
Give us strength that we may be
Worthy sons of Trinity,
Worthy sons of Trinity.

81

THE SONG OF THE SONS

By Plato Tracy Durham, '95

(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland)

O'er scarred and worn but unafraid,
Trinity, my Trinity,
I rest me in thy quiet shade,
Trinity, my Trinity;
To count again Love's golden store,
To glean the morning fields once more,
To dream the fair sweet dreams of yore,
Trinity, my Trinity.

Thy grave and golden sunset bell,
Trinity, fair Trinity,
Has wrought again its olden spell,
Trinity, fair Trinity;
Mine eyes are veiled in mist of tears
As from the far beloved years
The splendid vision re-appears,
Trinity, fair Trinity.

Speak thou again the master-word,
Trinity, brave Trinity,
Regird me with thy master-sword,
Trinity, brave Trinity;
Where Truth's brave battle-splendors shine
Look thou for all the sons of thine
Along her foremost battle-line,
Trinity, brave Trinity.

82

SONG OF THE WARRING SONS (RALLY SONG)

By Dallas Walton Newsom, '99

(Tune: Tenting on the Old Camp Ground)

We're roaming today o'er the old home grounds
To rest from fields of strife;
The roar of the guns and the bugle sounds
Are hushed in happier life.

Chorus:

Many are the boys who are tramping today,
Battling on the brave frontiers,
Many are the hearts turning this way,
To hear the old-time cheers.
Roaming today, roaming today, roaming o'er the
old home grounds;
Roaming today, roaming today, roaming o'er the
old home grounds.

A trooping of mem'ries comes today
From o'er the war-scarred years;
Sweet mem'ries of the far away
That calm our war-built fears.

We cherish the pride of a Mother's love,
Adore her bounding heart;
We follow the banner she floats above
And sing her glorious part.

So gallant the men who have led her way
And brave her vanguard lines;
They gave us the hope of a larger day
And read the far-flung signs.

O here's to the land where she had her birth,
Our dear Old Trinity!
O here's to the soil that has swelled her worth,
Our brave New Trinity!

All hail to the Southland's fairest dream,—
The soul of Trinity!
All hail to the heart that has sought the gleam,
Our faithful Trinity.

83

TRINITY

By W. G. Sheppard, '12

(Tune: Summer Time)

Trinity, Trinity!
How we love her banner, her banner;
Trinity, Trinity!
We her name will sing;
Trinity, Trinity!
Here's to the flag she flies.
Yes, boys in glory,
We'll sing the same old story
Of Old Trinity.

84

GLORY BE TO ALMA MATER

By Hersey Everett Spence, '07

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Our hearts have felt the impulse of our Alma Mater, bold,
As she speaks in tones of thunder to her men of mighty mold;
We gladly rally round her as her standard we unfold;
And her Truth goes marching on.

Chorus:

Glory be to Alma Mater,
Glory be to Alma Mater,
Glory be to Alma Mater;
Her truth goes marching on.

We have kept her trust unfalt'ring when the hopes of men ran low,
When the night of doubt was murky we have kept her fires aglow,
For she beckons like God's Prophets from the land of Long Ago;
And her Faith goes marching on.

Chorus:

Glory be, etc.
And her Faith goes marching on.

When our nation sounds the trumpet that has never called retreat,
When she lifts aloft the standard that has never met defeat,
In the fight to give men freedom they will rush with eager feet,
As her Sons go marching on.

Chorus:

Glory be, etc.
As her Sons go marching on.

She was born amid the struggles of a people to be free,
She has scattered wide the shadows, she has brought them liberty,
And whenever she may call us, Alma Mater, Trinity,
We will ALL go marching on.

Chorus:

Glory be to Alma Mater, etc.
We will ALL go marching on.

85

Dallas Walton Newsom, '99

(To Tune of America)

Hark! the last clarion call
Brings sadness to us all,
O Trinity!
Last vow of love we bring,
Last song of thee we sing!
Our hearts to thee shall cling
Eternally.

Comrades, our day is done
And with yon setting sun
We say farewell,—
Farewell to these dear halls
Sweet lawns and stately walls,
Farewell to twilight calls
And lusty yell.

Face to the western skies,
Warm tears shall bathe our eyes
For Trinity.
Sweet memories entwine
Around this sacred shrine
And bind our lives to thine,
Dear Trinity.

Voice of thy mighty bell
Sounds now its saddest knell,
Stern Trinity.
Let every son she bred
Whose hungry soul she fed
Now bare his reverent head
And honor thee.

Flag of our country free,
Flag of our Trinity,
God bless thy stars!
Tattered thou mayest be,
Still do we honor thee,
Proud sign of liberty,—
Thy stripes and bars!

Long live our Mother brave,
Long may Old Glory wave
O'er Trinity!
Truth, honor, faith and love
Ne'er from thy sons shall move,—
Steadfast as heaven above
To Trinity.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION 1

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: the way of the ungodly shall perish.

SELECTION 2

1 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

SELECTION 3

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

SELECTION 4

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

3 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

5. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

SELECTION 5

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

SELECTION 6

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?
4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, and hath not sworn deceitfully.
5 He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
6 This is the generation of them that seek after him, that seek thy face, even Jacob.
7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.
8 Who is the King of glory?
9 The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
10 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.
11 Who is this King of glory?
12 The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION 7

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?
2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.
3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.
4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.
5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.
6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.
7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

SELECTION 8

1 In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.
2 Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for a house of defense to save me.
3 For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.
4 Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength.
5 Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.
6 I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities;
7 And hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy: thou hast set my feet in a large room.
8 But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, thou art my God.
9 My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.
10 Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.
11 Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!
12 Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.
13 O love the Lord, all ye his saints: for the Lord preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.
14 Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

SELECTION 9

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.
2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.
3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my groaning all the day long.
4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.
5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid:
6 I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.
7 For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:
8 Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.
9 Thou art my hiding place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble; thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.
10 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee.
11 Be not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:
12 Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee.
13 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, loving-kindness shall compass him about.
14 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

SELECTION 10

1 I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.
4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.
5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.
6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.
7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.
8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.
10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.
11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
12 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?
13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.
14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.
15 The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.
16 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
17 The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.
18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth them out of them all.
20 He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.
21 Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

SELECTION 11

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.
2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?
3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.
5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

SELECTION 12

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.
2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.
6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.
7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.
8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.
9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.
10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.
11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

SELECTION 13

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.
4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.
5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.
6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.
10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.
13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.
14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.
16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.
17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

SELECTION 14

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us;
2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.
3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.
4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.
6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.
7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION 15

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.
2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return ye children of men.
4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.
5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.
6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.
8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.
10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years;
11 Yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and we fly away.
12 Who knoweth the power of thine anger, and thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?
13 So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom.
14 Return, O Lord; how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
15 O satisfy us in the morning with thy loving-kindness; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
16 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.
17 Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory upon their children.
18 And let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION 16

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust.
3 For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.
4 He shall cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge: his truth is a shield and a buckler.
5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
6 For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.
8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked.
9 For thou, O Lord, art my refuge! Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;
10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.
12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under foot.
14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honor him.
16 With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

SELECTION 17

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.
2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.
4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.
5 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.
6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.
7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

SELECTION 18

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.
2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.
3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.
4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.
5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.
6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.
7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.
8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together.
9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

SELECTION 19

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.
3 Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
5 For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting and his truth endureth to all generations.

SELECTION 20

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.
2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:
3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;
4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;
5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.
7 He made known his ways to Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.
8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.
10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
13 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.
15 As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.
17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;
18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.
19 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.
20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
21 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
22 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

SELECTION 21

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.
2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.
3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.
4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.
5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!
6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.
7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.
8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

SELECTION 22

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

SELECTION 23

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.
3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.
4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.
6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.
7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.
8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.
9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

SELECTION 24

1 I will praise thee with my whole heart; before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.
2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.
3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.
4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.
5 Yea, they shall sing in the way of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.
6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.
7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.
8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

SELECTION 25

1 O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.
2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.
3 Thou compasseth my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.
4 For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.
5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.
6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.
7 Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
9 If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
10 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.
11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.
12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
13 For thou hast possessed my reins; thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
14 I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.
15 My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.
16 Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.
17 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!
18 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.
19 Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:
20 And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 26

1 Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?
2 Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.
3 The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.
4 It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.
5 It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
6 No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.
7 Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?
8 Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.
9 Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.
10 God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.
11 For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven;
12 To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.
13 When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder;
14 Then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.
15 And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.
16 My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee;
17 So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding;

18 Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding;
19 If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures;
20 Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.
21 For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.
22 He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous; he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.
23 If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.
24 The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.
25 Of him are ye in Christ Jesus who is made unto us wisdom from God.

SELECTION 27

1 My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:
2 For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.
3 Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.
4 So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and men.
5 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.
6 In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.
7 Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord and depart from evil.

SELECTION 28

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.
2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.
3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure lovingkindnesses of David.
4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and a commander to the peoples.
5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.
6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.
7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.
8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.
9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.
10 For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater;
11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.
12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.
13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

SELECTION 29

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?
2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form or comeliness; and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire about him.
3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.
4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.
5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.
6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.
7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.
8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.
9 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.
10 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his land.
11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my

righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 30

1 And Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people.

2 And the report of him went forth into all Syria: and they brought unto him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, demoniacs, and epileptic, and palsied; and he healed them.

3 And there followed him great multitudes from Galilee and Decapolis and Jerusalem and Judea and from beyond Jordan.

4 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

5 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

6 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

7 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

8 Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

9 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

10 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

11 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

12 Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

13 Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

14 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

15 Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is henceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

16 Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

17 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

18 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

SELECTION 31

1 And he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

2 And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

3 And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

4 And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

5 And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

6 And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

7 I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

8 And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

9 And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

10 And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

11 But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet.

12 And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

13 For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry.

SELECTION 32

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born again when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

SELECTION 33

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?

10 Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me he doeth the works.

11 Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

12 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

13 And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14 If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;

17 Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18 I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

SELECTION 34

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh it away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it, that it may bear more fruit.

3 Already ye are clean because of the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; so neither can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for apart from me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and they gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and so shall ye be my disciples.

9 Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you: abide ye in my love.

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be made full.

12 This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.

13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

14 Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you.

15 No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you.

SELECTION 35

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.